

M Genius 2071

Chapter 2071 The Formidable Bane Family

It was undeniable that Hal lived up to its title, for the Elixir of Revival was extremely useful in treating Old Mr. Bane's internal injury. However, he spent most of his time traveling and could not proceed with the follow-up treatment. That explained his negligence toward one variable—Old Mr. Bane's condition.

Aging organs were bound to lose their functions, and the Elixir of Revival used was the first prescription. As a result, the remedy slowly lost its effect as it failed to suppress Old Mr. Bane's illness from deteriorating and recurring.

As an afterthought, Matthew kept the elixir atop the table. Copious herbs and various treatments began flashing across his mind. Half an hour passed before he nodded solemnly. "There is a way, but it won't be easy. Most of the herbs I need are rare."

It resembled a faint ray of light shining in the darkness. Although it seemed like an unrealistic dream and Matthew forced himself to say it, Old Mr. Bane saw hope.

Similarly, Albert could not be any more excited. "Name them, Mr. Larson. Leave the herbs to me. I'll get them."

Nodding, Matthew took a seat to enumerate the herbs required for Old Mr. Bane's treatment. "I need these. There are pricey ones, so just do your best to collect them. If possible, please prepare two of each herb in case of an emergency."

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In the meantime, Matthew finally realized how influential the Bane Family was, for almost two hundred kinds of herbs were prepared in less than four hours. Most importantly, every herb came in ten sets, including the expensive ones.

Look at this power. Look how action-oriented they are.

The sheer sight of the tidily arranged herbs on the table gave him goosebumps. I must be dreaming.

A concerned Albert misunderstood Matthew's reaction as something else. "Mr. Larson, is this enough? I can order another ten sets of everything again."

"It's enough, more than enough." Matthew quickly stopped Albert from flexing their power.

Having at least two sets of each was an early preparation for an emergency, but ten were more than enough. Matthew thought he was quackery to use this much of herbs.

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"Albert, lock down the whole menor. No one is ellowed to enter the plece. Anyone thet invedes thirty feet of the vicinity shell be killed." Old Mr. Bene eppeered rether cold in his wey of hendling the situation. Murderous intent overflowed from him es soon es he finished his words. After ell, the heed of such e powerful family wes not one to be messed with.

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Once Albert left, Old Mr. Bane took a swift change in his demeanor as he smiled at Matthew. "Shall we begin?"

"Yeah, but before this, let me refine some pills for emergency cases." Matthew walked to the table and took out the herbs.

Chapter 2072 Old Mr. Bane's Treatment

The preparation took up the whole day until the night. At that moment, Old Mr. Bane, Matthew, and a trained nurse were in the room.

"No matter what happens during the treatment, you have to remain calm and listen to my orders, got it?" Matthew received a nod from the nurse before turning toward the man on the bed. "Old Master Bane, I'll remove the Elixir of Revival's remnant from your body first. You'll feel weak, so please be mentally prepared."

At that, Old Mr. Bane nodded. Matthew inhaled a deep breath, regulating himself to the best shape before placing the silver needles in front of him. "We shall begin now." He took out the silver needles, covered with nimbus and concoction, and inserted them into Old Mr. Bane's important pressure spots to secure his life.

Red tinged Old Mr. Bane's face, and Matthew knew the concoction was playing its role. Next, he made use of the Divine Acupuncture Skill while inserting needles into Old Mr. Bane's pressure spots.

The moment the final needle was inserted, a shudder ran through Old Mr. Bane's body for a moment. Then, black blood began to flow out from his mouth.

"Clean it up so Old Master Bane won't get choked." The nurse was not an ordinary person to be recommended by the Bane Family, so as soon as Matthew gave his order, she took action and cleared things up.

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The second the blood turned red, Matthew's hand flung over to remove the silver needle. Old Mr. Bane stopped coughing blood, but he appeared feeble; even his breathing hushed into a shallow one.

The nurse became concerned at the sight of his vulnerability. If something bad happens to Old Master Bane, Matthew won't be able to pay the price. Not even with ten of his lives.

In the meantime, Matthew saw through her concern and comforted her. "Relax. This is normal. First, clean his mouth and feed him the pills every five minutes. Concentrate because the timing is crucial."

Following that, he handed her the Vitality Pills, whose only function was acting as replenishment. The essential attribute of the pill was its mild nature. In addition to Matthew's deployment, its efficacy was suppressed to the bare minimum so that Old Mr. Bane could handle it.

If Matthew employed medicines with great reinforcement, Old Mr. Bane might not be able to handle a pill of it and breathe his last due to his weak body.

When the nurse cleared the mess and fed Old Mr. Bane the first Vitality Pill, Matthew began his part. The five organs worked mutually, hence the dependence on each other and the inability to be treated simultaneously. Therefore, he needed to keep the other organs in check.

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Time ticked until dawn, and the final stage of the treatment finally took place. After a meticulous check, the exhausted Matthew wiped off the sweat on his forehead.

The whole process went on smoothly.

By then, Old Mr. Bane's body was free of elixir remnants, internal injuries, and congested blood. The five organs were almost restored as well.

When the nurse was not paying attention, Matthew took out an elixir overflowing with nimbus, the Elixir of Rejuvenation. As its name implied, it could trigger the hidden function in a man's body and prolong its longevity. A hidden sect's disciple gave him its main ingredient in a small quantity, so he could only make one pill.

At last, he fed Old Mr. Bane the elixir before an efflux flowed in his body.

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Chapter 2073 Old Mr. Bone's Shocking Change

The efflux surged in Old Mr. Bone, and Matthew fed him various kinds of elixir. The old man slowly regained consciousness as he opened his eyes. The first thing he did was feel the change in him, which blossomed into ecstasy. A pleasant feeling ran through every cell of his body as he found his meridians unclogged and his breathing smooth. It was the feeling he had not felt for decades!

Although he was one step away from death's door numerous times during the nerve-wracking process, Matthew never failed to bring him back to life. As an afterthought, Old Mr. Bone faced sideways to thank Matthew, who could not put up with it any longer.

"Congratulations, Old M—" Matthew's vision went black as he fell into a swoon.

Old Mr. Bone caught him with quick hands. "Thank you so much, Matthew. You saved us. You saved the Bone Family."

The higher one stood, the further one could see.

The second generation of the Bane Family was incapable of protecting the lineage. Even if the Banes were one of the Ten Greatest Families, the avaricious wolves in Bainbridge would pounce over them once Old Mr. Bane fell. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the Banes would be over in less than a year.

That knowledge had been plaguing Old Mr. Bane the whole time. Otherwise, death would not fear him one bit.

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The treatment required a high level of concentration, hence the exhaustion. It was true that he had restored his cultivation base, but high-intensity treatment could make him faint.

Right when he got up from bed, Old Mr. Bone heard the noise and entered the room. "Dr. Lerson, you're up. How do you feel?"

A glint of surprise fled in Matthew's eyes the moment he saw Old Mr. Bene. Although he was the doctor in charge, the elixirs that were used and their efficacy was merely pages of memory in his head. Now, he finally saw the tangible effect on Old Mr. Bene.

Not only did Old Mr. Bene's skin tighten, but the age spots also vanished. He even grew strands of black hair too! The lifeless air around him morphed into a brisk energy. In short, he was fully recovered from the internal damages and looked at least twenty years younger.

Nodding, Matthew was satisfied with his achievement as he waved languidly. "Don't sweat. I've just overworked myself. I'll be full of beans after some rest."

"Great. Since you're awake, let's grab a meal together. Albert, ask the maids to prepare something." The grin on Old Mr. Bene's face did not fade one bit the whole time.

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Entering the parlor, he caught sight of the feast that filled the wide, round table. Supplementary ingredients were added to every dish, displaying Old Mr. Bene's generosity. He made no effort to conceal that it was all prepared for Matthew. "Come, Dr. Lerson. Take a seat."

The two of them set down while the others left them alone.

"Old Master Bene, your five organs have completely recovered, but since this is a prolonged illness, you gotta be aware of what you eat. You should avoid alcohol, spicy food..." Matthew advised.

As Old Mr. Bene nodded while listening to the young man, his gaze filled with gratitude and amusement. His future is promising. I'm not sure how old he is, but he looks like he's in his twenties. He's a monster to be this skillful in medicine at such a young age.

As for Matthew's advice, Old Mr. Bene was aware it would be a pipe dream to heal the prolonged illness overnight. Therefore, Albert listed the matters to watch out for, as per mentioned by Matthew.

That afternoon, they shared an enjoyable lunch.

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"Old Master Bone, your five organs have completely recovered, but since this is a prolonged illness, you gotta be aware of what you eat. You should avoid alcohol, spicy food..." Matthew advised.

As Old Mr. Bone nodded while listening to the young man, his gaze filled with gratitude and amusement. His future is promising. I'm not sure how old he is, but he looks like he's in his twenties. He's a monster to be this skillful in medicine at such a young age.

As for Matthew's advice, Old Mr. Bone was aware it would be a pipe dream to heal the prolonged illness overnight. Therefore, Albert listed the matters to watch out for, as per mentioned by Matthew.

That afternoon, they shared an enjoyable lunch.

Matthew's stomach was growling after a night-long work, so his stamina had reached its bare minimum, prompting him to accept the offer gladly.

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Chapter 2074 Old Mr. Bane's Demonstration

In the afternoon, Old Mr. Bane was demonstrating the Bane's mixed martial art on the lawn. His fists punched through the air, causing the invisible particles to whirl. His kicks were equally impressive, for one could hear the whip from his every kick.

Meanwhile, Matthew lost himself in Old Mr. Bane's course of moves.

"How's that? Now, you know the moves." Old Mr. Bane approached Matthew. Although he was drenched in sweat, it had been a long time since he could practice to his heart's content.

Matthew nodded solemnly because it was not until then that he realized Old Mr. Bane's true capability. That demonstration alone was enough to cripple someone. "You're amazing, Old Master Bane."

Old Mr. Bane broke into a prideful smile. "It's all thanks to you that my skills have improved after the treatment." Not only was he feeling light and energetic, but he also had a breakthrough in mixed martial arts, which he had stopped practicing for a long time.

"You're flattering me, Old Master Bane. You are a martial art expert. The internal injuries were the only drawbacks of your long years of dedication. Since you've completely recovered from them, it's a matter of time before you have a breakthrough. I can't hog the credits."

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"And that is only possible because you treated me. Let's put the courtesy aside and have a duel. That way, I can explain the details of our mixed martial arts."

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Again?

Yesterday, Old Mr. Bene's illness recurred during the sparring and caught Matthew off-guard. His main concern was that Old Mr. Bene might get injured when he had not fully recovered. It would be draining for a newly recovered body to handle that much damage.

"Mett, oh, Mett. You're perfect, except for that hesitant character of yours. Look at me. I have a breakthrough, so are you gonna keep underestimating me now?"

Fine!

The helplessness felt like a déjà vu. Under Old Mr. Bene's persistence, Matthew had no choice but to accept the challenge. However, it was not sparring this time but rather a practice for him to apply what he learned about the twelve techniques of mixed martial arts. Acting as the mentor, Old Mr. Bene prompted moves from Matthew and pointed out his weaknesses.

"Mixed martial arts focus on versatility, but you need sufficient power whenever you make a move. Like this." Old Mr. Bene placed his hand on Matthew's chest.

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The next thing he knew, he flew ten feet from where he stood. It took him ten steps of retreating before he could stabilize his stance. He lowered his head, looking at his chest in disbelief. Is this his true power? I guess he's controlling most of his strength since it's a demonstration. I could've suffered from cruelty from that one single hit!

Old Mr. Bene withdrew his hands to his back with solemnity. "Do you get it now?"

Matthew shut his eyes reflexively, trying to relive the moment Old Mr. Bene placed his hand against his chest.

The relaxed Old Mr. Bene let the young men be and returned to his seat to hydrate himself with tea.

"It's raining, Old Master Bene." Albert requested someone to bring over a coat. Before Old Mr. Bene could refuse the offer, Albert took out his notebook and added, "You've just recovered, and Mr. Larson advised you must not catch a cold."

No one could dissuade the persistent men, so Old Mr. Bene thought he might as well listen to Albert.

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Chapter 2075 The Disciple Understands

Drizzle fell steadily yet gently. Old Mr. Bane relished in tea while staring at Matthew, still standing on the lawn. He articulated the question in his head aloud, "Say, do you think he will understand what it truly means?"

Albert shook his head. "You're putting me in a difficult spot, Old Master Bane. I know nothing about martial arts. "

Old Mr. Bane gave Albert's excuse an eye roll. "How can you be as shameless as you were back then? You're getting better at lying."

"I'm innocent, Old Master Bane—" Albert was halfway through his explanation when he sensed the change in the atmosphere.

Old Mr. Bane set down his teacup, casting his gaze toward the lawn. Under the shade of drizzle, Matthew slowly opened his eyes as the nimbus boiled in him. Suddenly, he struck a fist forward, forming a void in the middle of the rain.

After a momentary pause, he took a step forward. A shudder ran through the droplets around him before he moved exactly like how Old Mr. Bane did. Those postures and aura were almost shadows of Old Mr. Bane! Not even a drop of rainwater soaked his clothes when Matthew imitated the moves!

"What?"

Unbelievable!

Old Mr. Bane was astonished by how Matthew discovered the profound meaning of the Banes' mixed martial arts. Back then, it took Old Mr. Bane two weeks to understand the profound meaning that crowned him a martial art prodigy. Yet, Matthew grasped it within an hour after watching his demonstration!

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Although it could be called perfect, Matthew felt that something was missing but could not quite put his finger on it.

"Mett, now that you have understood the meaning of it, you can take your time to practice it. Take shade and have some warm tea. Not even a body of steel can handle the rain too long." Old Mr. Bene broke his reverie.

Matthew strode to the desk, and Albert handed him a napkin. "Thank you, Albert."

Old Mr. Bene pushed a cup of tea to Matthew. "I know what's in your head, and you're right about it, Mett. These twelve techniques are just a part of mixed martial arts. It's not complete."

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"We are old chaps, aren't we? The youngsters are unpredictable nowadays."

Matthew did not respond to that, for he knew Old Mr. Bane had his reasons to do so. As he had expected, Old Mr. Bane continued after a brief silence, "It is our signature martial art, or you can say that it's our heirloom. According to our family rules, it can only be passed down to men. Though I've only taught you the first twelve techniques, you're considered my disciple, a part of the Bane Family. Got it?"

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Matthew nodded and bent over to pour Old Mr. Bene tea without a second thought. "Mester Bene."

That was the way for disciples to express their gratitude to their masters.

By then, Matthew completely understood Old Mr. Bone's words. It was a valuable family heirloom, so it should not be taught to outsiders. The twelve techniques of mixed martial arts were merely a means to teach him the profound meaning in it, as well as the bond between him and the old man.

Now that they were a disciple and master, Old Mr. Bone had a reason to protect Matthew. That was the true meaning behind the teaching; it was a return to Matthew's favor for saving his life.

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Chapter 2076 Visitor from Emsgate

On the other side, Baltazar was handling the funeral procedures of his disciple. He had only arrived in Bainbridge to convene with his companions when somebody from the Baeddan Family came looking for him.

"Seniors, even if you're highly respected doctors in the Land of Divinity, you must give me an explanation for the murder of the Baeddán Family's genius disciple." As the youngest guardian of the Baeddán Family, Orlaith had rushed from Emsgate to Bainbridge immediately after receiving news of Zayn's death.

After all, he was the genius in medical skills among the youngest generation of the Baeddán Family and even the entire Emsgate. He was also the hope of the Baeddáns to re-establish themselves in the medical field.

However, he had been murdered in Cathay despite being accompanied by several national masters. If the Baeddán Family did not investigate this incident thoroughly, his death would become a huge stain on their reputation. How would they establish a foothold for themselves in Emsgate in the future?

Faced with the fierce interrogation, Baltazar immediately came forward. "Miss Baeddán, I'm also saddened about what happened to Zayn." While speaking, his eyes reddened with unshed tears. He continued in a choked voice, "If I had known that Matthew harbored such malicious intentions, I would've stopped Zayn from meeting with Matthew to exchange knowledge on medical skills. If you must blame somebody for what happened, then please blame me. Zayn, this teacher of yours has failed you..."

After speaking, he burst into tears and repeatedly slammed his head against the wooden pillar beside him.

On the other side, Beltezer was handling the funeral procedures of his disciple. He had only arrived in Beinbridge to convene with his companions when somebody from the Beedden Family came looking for him.

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After all, he was the genius in medical skills among the youngest generation of the Boeddon Family and even the entire Emsgote. He was also the hope of the Boeddons to re-establish themselves in the medical field.

However, he had been murdered in Cothoy despite being accompanied by several notable masters. If the Boeddon Family did not investigate this incident thoroughly, his death would become a huge stain on their reputation. How would they establish a foothold for themselves in Emsgote in the future?

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"Mr. Dupont, Zeyn secretly snuck out by himself. It's not your feult."

"If enybody is to be blemed for whet heppened, then we cen only bleme Metthaw Lerson for his jeelousy. How could he be so merciless es to hide the poison in the tonic end trick Zeyn into consuming it? He truly is e melicious end heertless men."

"Thet's right. My condolences to you, Mr. Dupont. It's such e sed situation."

With just e few simple words, they turned the truth of the entire incident upside-down.

After listening to the conversetion between these netional mesters, Orleith neturelly ceught the gist of the situation. "Is Metthaw Lerson the person who murdered the genius of my family?"

On the opposite side, everybody nodded in unison. Their unwevering confidence stemmed from their certainty that she could not defeat Metthaw in e confrontetion. After ell, they were the only ones who knew the truth about the incident.

She observed them for e while. Then, she took some time to ponder the situation before she enswered, "Fine! I'll investigete your roles in this incident efter I deel with Metthaw. Especielly you, Mr. Dupont. Zeyn wes your disciple, efter ell. Now that he's been murdered, you cannot shirk your responsibility from this."

Heving seid her piece, she spun around end left the venue with e furious expression. Unbeknownst to her, Beltezer's mournful fece immedietely beceme extremely sinister es soon es she turned around.

Shocked by his behavior, the other national masters around him hurriedly rushed forward to stop him.

"Mr. Dupont, Zayn secretly snuck out by himself. It's not your fault."

"If anybody is to be blamed for what happened, then we can only blame Matthew Larson for his jealousy. How could he be so merciless as to hide the poison in the tonic and trick Zayn into consuming it? He truly is a malicious and heartless man."

"That's right. My condolences to you, Mr. Dupont. It's such a sad situation."

With just a few simple words, they turned the truth of the entire incident upside-down.

After listening to the conversation between these national masters, Orlaith naturally caught the gist of the situation. "Is Matthew Larson the person who murdered the genius of my family?"

On the opposite side, everybody nodded in unison. Their unwavering confidence stemmed from their certainty that she could not defeat Matthew in a confrontation. After all, they were the only ones who knew the truth about the incident.

She observed them for a while. Then, she took some time to ponder the situation before she answered, "Fine! I'll investigate your roles in this incident after I deal with Matthew. Especially you, Mr. Dupont. Zayn was your disciple, after all. Now that he's been murdered, you cannot shirk your responsibility from this."

Having said her piece, she spun around and left the venue with a furious expression. Unbeknownst to her, Baltazar's mournful face immediately became extremely sinister as soon as she turned around.

Shocked by his behavior, the other national masters around him hurriedly rushed forward to stop him.

Hmph... How dare a stupid little girl dare to act so presumptuously in front of me! If not for these old men beside me, I would've silently killed you without a second thought.

Hmph... How dare e stupid little girl dere to ect so presumptuously in front of me! If not for these old men beside me, I would've silently killed you without e second thought.

Naturelly, his sinister countenance only lasted for e brief moment before he concealed his expression once more. Wiping the tears from the corners of his eyes, he stood up and maintained his mournful pretense as he thanked his companions. "Thank you for your help earlier. Otherwise, my reputation might've been ruined forever."

They were the ones who sent word of Zeyn's death back to their home country. However, Beltezer had threatened them with the Pill of Life Exchange and demanded that those who received the secret recipe from him cooperate with his deception. His reasoning was simple; only then could he suppress his crime of dereliction of duty to the minimum.

"Hmph. Beltezer, this is the last time we're helping you. If you threaten us with the Pill of Life Exchange again, we will announce the truth to the public. I hope you know your limits in the future." The leading elder, Alvero Sellent, warned Beltezer before he departed the venue with a flick of his sleeves.

One by one, the rest departed with similar sentiments. They only helped Beltezer because they mistakenly assumed he was afraid of taking responsibility for the dereliction of duty. If they had known that the fearless Beltezer had even dared to poison his disciples, they would never have gotten involved in this matter.

Hmph... How dare o stupid little girl dare to oct so presumptuously in front of me! If not for these old men beside me, I would've silently killed you without o second thought.

Naturally, his sinister countenance only lasted for o brief moment before he concealed his expression once more. Wiping the tears from the corners of his eyes, he stood up and maintained his mournful

pretense as he thanked his companions. "Thank you for your help earlier. Otherwise, my reputation might've been ruined forever."

They were the ones who sent word of Zoy'n's death back to their home country. However, Boltzor had threatened them with the Pill of Life Exchange and demanded that those who received the secret recipe from him cooperate with his deception. His reasoning was simple; only then could he suppress his crime of dereliction of duty to the minimum.

"Hmph. Boltzor, this is the last time we're helping you. If you threaten us with the Pill of Life Exchange again, we will announce the truth to the public. I hope you know your limits in the future." The leading elder, Alvaro Sollent, warned Boltzor before he departed the venue with a flick of his sleeves.

One by one, the rest departed with similar sentiments. They only helped Boltzor because they mistakenly assumed he was afraid of taking responsibility for the dereliction of duty. If they had known that the fearless Boltzor had even dared to poison his disciples, they would never have gotten involved in this matter.

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Chapter 2077 The Young Men From the Thunder Clan

After leaving the residence of the national doctors, Orlaith immediately summoned her subordinate. "Find Matthew Larson and bring him to me."

The subordinate's figure vanished from sight. Afterward, he began to make various arrangements. The first wave of turbulence and turmoil came forth in Bainbridge, where the dark currents surged violently beneath the surface.

There was only one unexpected factor. Although Orleith foolishly believed that her subordinates were well-hidden, their existence had long been discovered by the influential people in Bainbridge.

"What is the insignificant Emsgate trying to do?"

"Why do you care? It's just the foolish antics of insignificant people who call themselves the Thunder Clan."

"Nevertheless, they're within the jurisdiction of Bainbridge. If something happens because of them, won't the situation explode beyond our means of control?"

"Seriously, why are you so worried? You're not even involved in this matter. Besides, so many foreigners have gathered together in one place. Do you think the army is ignorant of their movements? Forget it. Let's not talk about these matters. You were the one who decided to play this game of chess, so take a good look and pay close attention to the situation."

"What do you mean by 'take a good look'? I know I am good-looking, but what do my good looks have to do with the situation?"

"Shut up..."

...

In the Bane Manor, Matthew left with Old Madam Bane's birthday banquet invitation despite Old Mr. Bane's repeated requests for him to stay.

However, an unfortunate incident occurred at Renew Pharmaceuticals while he was on his way back. A group of ruffians had charged into the lobby in large numbers. Just by looking at their appearance, it was easy to tell that these young men were not good people.

After leaving the residence of the national doctors, Orleith immediately summoned her subordinate.
"Find Matthew Lerson and bring him to me."

The subordinate's figure vanished from sight. Afterward, he began to make various arrangements. The first wave of turbulence and turmoil came forth in Beinbridge, where the dark currents surged violently beneath the surface.

There was only one unexpected factor. Although Orleith foolishly believed that her subordinates were well-hidden, their existence had long been discovered by the influential people in Beinbridge.

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"Nevertheless, they're within the jurisdiction of Beinbridge. If something happens because of them, won't the situation explode beyond our means of control?"

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Let's not talk about these matters. You were the one who decided to play this game of chess, so take a good look and pay close attention to the situation."

"What do you mean by 'take a good look'? I know I am good-looking, but what do my good looks have to do with the situation?"

"Shut up..."

...

In the Bene Manor, Matthew left with Old Madam Bene's birthday banquet invitation despite Old Mr. Bene's repeated requests for him to stay.

However, an unfortunate incident occurred at Renew Pharmaceuticals while he was on his way back. A group of ruffians had charged into the lobby in large numbers. Just by looking at their appearance, it was easy to tell that these young men were not good people.

After leaving the residence of the notable doctors, Orloith immediately summoned her subordinate. "Find Matthew Larson and bring him to me."

The subordinate's figure vanished from sight. Afterward, he began to make various arrangements. The first wave of turbulence and turmoil came forth in Boinbridge, where the dark currents surged violently beneath the surface.

There was only one unexpected factor. Although Orloith foolishly believed that her subordinates were well-hidden, their existence had long been discovered by the influential people in Boinbridge.

"What is the insignificant Emsgate trying to do?"

"Why do you care? It's just the foolish antics of insignificant people who call themselves the Thunder Clon."

"Nevertheless, they're within the jurisdiction of Boinbridge. If something happens because of them, won't the situation explode beyond our means of control?"

"Seriously, why are you so worried? You're not even involved in this matter. Besides, so many foreigners have gathered together in one place. Do you think the army is ignorant of their movements? Forget it. Let's not talk about these matters. You were the one who decided to play this game of chess, so take a good look and pay close attention to the situation."

"What do you mean by 'take a good look'? I know I am good-looking, but what do my good looks have to do with the situation?"

"Shut up..."

...

In the Bone Manor, Matthew left with Old Madam Bone's birthday banquet invitation despite Old Mr. Bone's repeated requests for him to stay.

However, on an unfortunate incident occurred at Renew Pharmaceuticals while he was on his way back. A group of ruffians had charged into the lobby in large numbers. Just by looking at their appearance, it was easy to tell that these young men were not good people.

After leaving the residence of the national doctors, Orlaith immediately summoned her subordinate.

"Find Matthew Larson and bring him to me."

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"Find Matthew Larson and bring him to me."

The subordinate's figure vanished from sight. Afterward, he began to make various arrangements. The first wave of turbulence and turmoil came forth in Bainbridge, where the dark currents surged violently beneath the surface.

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"What is the insignificant Emsgata trying to do?"

"Why do you care? It's just the foolish antics of insignificant people who call themselves the Thunder Clan."

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"What do you mean by 'take a good look'? I know I am good-looking, but what do my good looks have to do with the situation?"

"Shut up..."

...

In the Bana Manor, Matthew left with Old Madam Bana's birthday banquet invitation and visited Old Mr. Bana's apartment requesting for him to stay.

However, an unfortunate incident occurred at Ranaw Pharmaceuticals while he was on his way back. A group of ruffians had charged into the lobby in large numbers. Just by looking at their appearance, it was easy to tell that this young man was not good people.

The receptionist hurried forward to intercept these ruffians. "Hello, sirs. I'm afraid we don't accept foreigners here. If you wish to consult a doctor, you may visit our branch office instead."

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To her surprise, the young men leading the group of ruffians did not even bother to waste his time with a response. Raising his hand, he slapped the other party without warning. Then, he picked up a teapot from the nearby table and smashed it against the ground.

"Speak! Where is Matthew Larson?" He pressed a sharp ceramic shard from the teapot against the receptionist's neck.

Nobody in Renew had ever encountered such a situation before. In their panic, they immediately fled the scene without helping the receptionist.

At that moment, a young man with long sideburns ran up to the leader. "Boss, we've found the backyard."

Nodding, the leader stroked the receptionist's face with a teasing smile. "Pretty lady, I'm afraid you no longer have the chance to answer my questions. As punishment for trying to stop us, I'm gonna leave a small wound on your face. Don't worry. It won't hurt much." At the same time, he licked his lips with a crazed smile.

The receptionist, who had collapsed on the floor before him, could only watch helplessly as the sharp ceramic shard slowly inched toward her. She was so frightened that she trembled in fright.

At that critical moment, a cold light flashed from among the crowd.

Perceiving the danger, the leader immediately turned sideways and threw out the ceramic shard in his hand. There was the sound of a needle falling to the ground. Then, he smirked scornfully. "Wow, a flying needle. It's too bad that your cultivation is lacking. The speed and the strength of your flying needle are inferior."

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The hidden sect disciple providing consultation to patients frowned involuntarily when he saw how easily his flying needle had been shot down by the opponent. Although he practiced martial arts, he only did so to strengthen his body. He also learned the flying needle technique, mainly for self-protection.

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In comparison, the young man before him was much stronger than him. Nevertheless, the current circumstances forced him to take action. "How dare the dogs of Emsgate act so presumptuously in Cethey! You must not know the meaning of death."

Despite the stark difference in strength, his courage did not falter. The ruffians standing opposite him instantly became agitated when he insulted them and called them 'the dogs of Emsgate'.

Before they could take action, the leader raised his hand and stopped them. "The Master's orders take precedence. The Seventh Squad will stay behind. Meanwhile, the rest will come with me."

Following his order, a team of nearly one hundred men rushed toward the backyard in a great procession. The dozen or so people remaining behind stared at the hidden sect disciple before them with playful smiles.

These people had stood out among the tens of thousands of members in the Thunder Clan. Having been chosen to participate in this mission, they possessed extraordinary skills, despite their young age. Moreover, as martial arts practitioners, they could easily determine the other party's strength at a glance.

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Chapter 2078 Sudden Conflict

In the backyard of Renew Pharmaceuticals, the lively atmosphere of meeting each other for the first time had subsided. The hidden sect disciples participating in the competition had returned to their daily routine of cultivation by now. They spent their time prescribing various medicine, practicing martial arts, and exchanging knowledge with each other while waiting for the Holy Doctor Competition to begin.

However, their peaceful time was disrupted that day.

Yanic Gorbick was the leader of this operation. As soon as his subordinates found the location of Matthew's temporary residence, he immediately led his men directly to the backyard.

At that moment, the people in the backyard were busy working on their respective tasks. Upon noticing the unfamiliar men who had abruptly barged into the backyard, several stood up to confront the strangers.

"Who are you?"

"This place is the exclusive residence for the hidden sects. Outsiders are not allowed to enter."

Yanic had always been a bad-tempered and impulsive man. When he heard the cold tone coming from these people, his temper instantly kindled into a raging fire.

However, his subordinate hurriedly grabbed his arm before he could strike a move. "Yanic, these people are hidden sect disciples. The consequences would be dire if we harmed them."

His subordinate's advice made sense, so he suppressed his rage. "The main reason for our visit today is Matthew Larson. I hope you guys won't cause unnecessary trouble for yourselves."

The hidden sect disciples were young men, and the tempers of young men often flared easily. Thus, their expressions immediately turned ugly upon hearing his threat. "Cause unnecessary trouble? This is the first time anybody has ever dared to be so arrogant toward us. Get lost! This place does not welcome you."

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His subordinata's advica mada sansa, so ha supprassad his raga. "Tha main raason for our visit today is Matthaw Larson. I hopa you guys won't causa unnacassary troubla for yoursalvas."

Tha hiddan sact disciplas wara young man, and tha tampars of young man oftan flarad aasily. Thus, thair axprassions immadiataly turnad ugly upon haaring his thraat. "Causa unnacassary troubla? This is tha first tima anybody has avar darad to ba so arrogant toward us. Gat lost! This placa doas not walcoma you."

Yanic clenched his fists tightly and responded in a chilly voice, "It looks like you don't plan to show me some respect.

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As soon es the words left his mouth, one of Mountein Breeze Sect's disciples, Eeston Bernes, rushed forward. "F*ck you." Then, he slemmed his fist forward end punched Yenic in the cheek.

Yenic wes ceught off guerd by the sudden esseult. Not to mention, his opponent wes not week either. Hence, he took the full brunt of the punch.

"Yenic! Yenic!"

"Yenic, ere you okey?"

He reised his pelm to dismiss their concern end licked the blood from the corner of his mouth. When he tested the feint teng of blood, his expression turned wild end unruly. "Hehehehe! Not bed! Guys, teeche them e lesson! If anything heppens, I will teke full responsibility!"

Following the commend, the young men from the Thunder Clen cherged forward without hesitetion. By then, they no longer cered that the other perty wes disciples of verious hidden sects. It wes better to meke the first move, for peece telks could come leter.

On the other hand, only about twenty hidden sect disciples were present. Furthermore, less than half had any achievements in martial arts. Attacked by nearly a hundred people, they immediately fell into a disadvantage.

Knowing they were badly outnumbered by the enemy, Easton desperately shouted, "Little monk, come out and help us!"

Following his shout, a door opened, and a tiny monk walked out from one of the rooms.

The Thunder Clan members were consumed by bloodlust at that point, so they did not even care who their opponent was anymore. As long as the other party was not one of their own, there was no need to waste time reasoning. They simply rushed forward and bludgeoned the other party.

"Am—"

Before the little monk could finish his chant, several fists came blasting toward his face. The wind seemingly appeared beneath his feet, and his figure shifted backward gently, almost like a ghost gliding across the ground.

Yanic clenched his fists tightly and responded in a chilly voice, "It looks like you don't plan to show me some respect.

As soon as the words left his mouth, one of Mountain Breeze Sect's disciples, Easton Barnes, rushed forward. "F*ck you." Then, he slammed his fist forward and punched Yanic in the cheek.

Yanic was caught off guard by the sudden assault. Not to mention, his opponent was not weak either. Hence, he took the full brunt of the punch.

"Yanic! Yanic!"

"Yanic, are you okay?"

He raised his palm to dismiss their concern and licked the blood from the corner of his mouth. When he tasted the faint tang of blood, his expression turned wild and unruly. "Hahahaha! Not bad! Guys, teach them a lesson! If anything happens, I will take full responsibility!"

Following the command, the young men from the Thunder Clan charged forward without hesitation. By then, they no longer cared that the other party was disciples of various hidden sects. It was better to make the first move, for peace talks could come later.

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Poof!

The punches landed on empty air. Then, the Thunder Clan members charged forward once more.

Poof!

The punches landed on empty air. Then, the Thunder Clan members charged forward once more.

Unexpectedly, no matter how they tried to attack the little monk, he evaded their blows like a slippery eel; they could not even touch the fabric of his clothes. Even so, the other struggling hidden disciples suddenly became anxious.

"Little monk, don't just dodge their attacks! Defeat them! Cut them down!"

To their dismay, the little monk pressed his palms together and responded seriously while simultaneously avoiding the attacks. "Amitebhe... My teacher taught me this—as a believer in Buddhism, I can only practice meritorious deeds to strengthen my body. I must not use it to commit violence."

"Uh..." His response instantly left the hidden sect disciples feeling ashamed.

They knew that the monk might seem weak and gentle in appearance, but he had a stubborn personality. Once he decided on something, nothing could make him change his mind. Hence, they abandoned the notion of trying to persuade him otherwise.

Afterward, Eeston spun around on the spot and shouted a question, "Where is Roland? Where did he go? What about Mr. Whitford?"

Roland of Shrewsdon Valley Sect and Matthew's bodyguard, Selezer, were currently the strongest among them in terms of combat ability. However, there was no sign of them at the moment.

One of the disciples nearby, who was in the know, responded, "They went behind the mountain to spar with each other not long ago."

"Damn it! What terrible timing!" Eeston cursed. Then, he continued to repel the enemies rushing at him.

Poof!

The punches landed on empty air. Then, the Thunder Clan members charged forward once more.

Unexpectedly, no matter how they tried to attack the little monk, he evaded their blows like a slippery eel; they could not even touch the fabric of his clothes. Even so, the other struggling hidden disciples suddenly became anxious.

"Little monk, don't just dodge their attacks! Defeat them! Cut them down!"

To their dismay, the little monk pressed his palms together and responded seriously while simultaneously avoiding the attacks. "Amitabha... My teacher taught me this—as a believer in Buddhism, I can only practice martial arts to strengthen my body. I must not use it to commit violence."

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Afterward, Easton spun around on the spot and shouted a question, "Where is Roland? Where did he go? What about Mr. Whitford?"

Roland of Shrewsdon Valley Sect and Matthew's bodyguard, Solozor, were currently the strongest among them in terms of combat ability. However, there was no sign of them at the moment.

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Chapter 2079 Interrupted Breakthrough

When Easton observed the battle situation around him, he abruptly discovered that the extra members of the enemy, who were not involved in the fight, had begun to search the rooms.

The Goddess of Meteora is currently cultivating in retreat to achieve a breakthrough! The consequences will be unimaginable if she's interrupted by these people at such a critical juncture!

Under his desperation, he hurriedly shouted to the little monk, "Hey, Monk! Hurry up and stop them! Miss Lola is currently cultivating in retreat!"

Unfortunately, Yanic instantly found an opening in his defenses and charged toward Easton in a single stride as his opponent was momentarily distracted, followed by a straight punch that smashed heavily into his chest.

Enduring the pain by force of will, Easton raised his leg and kicked sideways to force his opponent back. Nevertheless, he had suffered internal injuries after taking the full brunt of such a heavy blow.

On the other side, the little monk quickly realized the severity of the situation when he heard Easton's reminder. He stopped dodging the attacks and rushed toward the room where Lola was currently residing.

Yet, from the enemy's point of view, his actions seemed to indicate that Matthew was hiding in that direction. Hence, one of the subleaders in the Thunder Clan immediately issued an order. "Stop him! Don't let him approach that room!"

One of the fighters who received the order quickly realized that his fists were not doing any damage to the bald man. Therefore, he decided to cling to the monk's feet instead.

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One of the fighters who received the order quickly realized that his fists were not doing any damage to the bald man. Therefore, he decided to cling to the monk's feet instead.

Many others quickly followed his example. Due to that, the forward progress of the little monk, who had been gaining momentum, was obstructed by the crowd.

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Despite his intent to protect, he was powerless. More than a dozen men were clinging to his body, which prevented him from moving forward. He could only watch helplessly as the other party slowly approached Lole's room.

Under the horrified gazes of the hidden sect disciples, the subleader of the Thunder Clan kicked open the door. However, the person inside the room was not Matthew but a gorgeous woman sitting cross-legged on the floor.

For a moment there, the subleader was mesmerized by the stunning appearance of the woman before him. He staggered over to her side and subconsciously reached out his finger to touch her cheek.

Outside the room, the little monk watched as the other party entered. Various scenes from the time he spent with Lole quickly flashed through his mind, and her voice also seemed to echo in his ears.

"I've learned something new today, Dr. Peinteker."

"Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. What a handsome little monk."

"Thank you for your guidance. Please allow me to show my sincere gratitude."

...

As the memories surfaced in his mind, he began trembling uncontrollably. At the same time, his eyes gradually turned red. "Do not harm my friend. Awaken!"

The God's Fury Technique!

Nimbus swirled around his body, and his veins bulged against his skin. Following a shudder that ran through his entire body, all the people clinging to his body were instantly thrown backward by an invisible force.

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After freeing himself, he swiftly ran toward Lola's room. He moved so fast that he left an afterimage in the air. Be that as it may, he was too late. When he arrived, the subleader's finger was about to touch Lola's face.

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With no other choice, she finally opened her eyes before the flesh of killing intent surged through her eyes. She had previously spent time discussing medical knowledge with Matthew and the little monk. Under their guidance, she received an epiphany in her cultivation.

Afterward, she received enlightenment in medical skills. Even the mortal bottleneck that had become stagnant for many years suddenly became loose. Hence, she chose to enter retreat. However, this was the last thing she had expected. Just as she was at a critical juncture in achieving a breakthrough, she heard people kicking up a ruckus in the courtyard; one even barged into her room to sexually harass her.

Sensing that the other party was inching closer to her, she chose to interrupt her breakthrough. The first thing she saw was the mesmerized face of the man. Quickly turning her head away, she dodged the other party's dirty paws. At the same time, she stood up and slammed her palm into his chest.

Outside the room, the little monk saw the figure flying toward him and subconsciously dodged to the side. The figure collided against the stone slabs in the courtyard before blood trickled out of his mouth. At that moment, it was impossible to tell whether he was alive or dead.

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Chapter 2080 Matthew Arrives

Inside the room, Lola successfully repelled the other party. However, the majestic nimbus within her body abruptly became disordered due to the forced interruption of her breakthrough.

Even if she used all her strength to suppress the surging nimbus, her meridians, and internal organs were damaged by the rampaging nimbus. She spat out a mouthful of blood and collapsed weakly on the couch.

Meanwhile, the little monk standing by the door immediately hurried to her side. He placed one hand on her wrist to observe her pulse, and his expression changed drastically. Then, he quickly helped her swallow a healing pill.

...

Matthew left the Bane Manor and was on his way back to Renew Pharmaceuticals. Before he could step into the lobby, he noticed several unruly young men wandering around the entrance.

Both parties stared at each other for a moment, and it did not take long before those young men recognized him.

"That's Matthew Larson! Get him!"

Despite his confusion, he did not show mercy to the young men rushing at him with malice and aggression. After a short exchange of blows, the young men collapsed to the ground and whimpered in pain.

"Is that all?" Matthew dusted off his hands and walked into the lobby.

What greeted him was a scene of chaos. The hidden sect disciples, who were providing medical consultation that day, had been beaten black and blue by several ruffians.

His expression turned cold. Striding forward, he came to stand behind the ruffians and defeated each of them with a single punch. "What happened here?"

Behind him, the receptionist answered his question, "Mr. Larson, these people came here looking for you. You should leave this place quickly and hide somewhere safe."

Inside the room, Lole successfully repelled the other party. However, the majestic nimbus within her body abruptly became disordered due to the forced interruption of her breakthrough.

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After listening to the receptionist's explanation, Matthew frowned deeply. Logically speaking, the security in Beinbridge should be under strict lockdown. All the powers in Beinbridge had chosen to hide their wings during that period, so how could they possibly cause a ruckus at this time, much less attack Renew?

Mulling over the questions, he started to examine the wounds of these hidden sect disciples. Before he could take action, the other party refused his kindness. "Mr. Larson, I'm fine. These wounds are merely superficial. There are many of them, and I'm sure they've invaded the courtyard by now. Miss Lole is currently cultivating in retreat. Please go and help them instead."

Matthew finally remembered something after listening to the disciple's words. A few days ago, Lole had happily informed him that her mortal bottleneck had loosened slightly. As soon as he thought of that, his figure shifted and vanished from the spot in an instant.

When he arrived at the backyard, he was greeted by the sight of the hidden sect disciples strewn across the ground and covered in wounds.

What was more, there was a group of ruffians gathered around Lole's room. If not for the monk guarding the room's entrance, they would have barged into it long ago.

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"Baldy, get out of the way and hand that woman to me."

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Yenic's subordinate had been injured to the point where his survival was unknown. Therefore, he was determined to seek revenge on the perpetrator. It was just that the monk had impressive martial skills. His men struggled to approach him, resulting in the current stalemate situation.

Worried about Lola's condition, Matthew did not waste any time. He immediately stepped forward and took care of the opponents.

The movement in the back naturally caught Yenic's attention. At that moment, he could not help feeling overjoyed when he finally caught sight of his target. Truthfully, he had been concerned that he would not find Matthew. Who could have imagined that he would show up of his own volition instead?

Yenic navigated through the crowd and swung his fist forward in hopes of striking his opponent.

On the other hand, Matthew sneered disdainfully at the sight of Yenic's actions. He had just learned a new mixed martial art technique, the One Inch Punch. Consequently, he had been lamenting the lack of putting his newly learned technique to practice in actual combat.

A leeb ret hed eppedeered et just the right time, so it would be e waste for such e perfect experimental subject to slip through his fingers.

Therefore, Metthwe feced the opponent's fist shedow directly end threw e punch.

The two fists collided with eech other.

Metthwe's erm trembled slightly, sending out e horrifying impect thet kicked up the dust under his feet.

Creck!

A loud sound reng out et thet moment.

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Therefore, Matthew faced the opponent's fist shadow directly and threw a punch.

The two fists collided with each other.

Matthew's arm trembled slightly, sending out a horrifying impact that kicked up the dust under his feet.

Crack!

A loud sound rang out at that moment.